

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS· VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS·

VOL. XXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

No. 6.

Hermenigild; or, the Two Crowns.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN ÆCHTERING.

Dramatis Personæ.

LEOVIG, King of the Visigoths.
HERMENIGILD, } Sons of Leovig.
RECARED, }
COUNT GOSWIN, Brother-in-law of Leovig and Chancellor of the realm.
ÆGISMUND, Duke and Commander-in-chief.
SISBERT, Count } Ambassadors of the king
AGILAN, Count }
RODERIC, Son of Goswin.
BOSO, Royal officer and former tutor of Hermenigild.
OTULF, } Officers of the Visigoths.
AGILULF, }
UTOLF, Friend of Hermenigild,
CLAUDIUS, General in Seville.
VALERIUS, } Sevillian officers.
COMMISSIUS, }
FREDEGISEL, Peddler and traitor.
BEOULF, Smith in Seville.

Officers, soldiers, citizens, servants.

(The action of the play is laid in Spain.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Toledo. Royal assembly room.

GOSWIN (*Carrying the royal decree*) and RODERIC discovered.

GOSWIN. The stars have favored our noble house from small beginnings to its present greatness. There was a time, my son, when Goswin's name was but an empty sound to Visigoth and Sueve; to-day we rank in wealth and power next to the throne in this fair land of Spain. My sister, who became the queen of Leovig after the death of his first wife, advances our interests with loyal energy. 'Twas she who shed the lustre of royalty on our house.

RODERIC. A woman's lustre?

GOSWIN. Aye, but a queen's, my son! a queen's!

RODERIC. Well, be it so! But I was taught by wise and noble teachers, in the schools of Greece, that man's true greatness must be founded on virtue and heroic deeds, not on patronage and favor.

GOSWIN. Well said, my son; a pretty sentiment; 'tis written in the books. Methinks thou learnedst thy lesson well. But, Roderic, mark: this busy world of ours goes not by sentiment, power is greatness.

RODERIC. I take another measure.

GOSWIN (*impatiently*). Tut, tut, my boy! A statesman's son must reason otherwise. This busy brain of mine has planned and plotted through many weary years for wealth and power. Then rose the sun of fortune with our queen, and I am here at court the brother of the queen, the chancellor of the kingdom, the king's adviser; and this hand directs the nation's destiny. Dost hear, my son?

RODERIC. Well?

GOSWIN. These grand results shall be thy heirloom, and greater things to come.

RODERIC. What? greater things yet? Dreams of an idle brain!

GOSWIN. Dreams? Even so. My dreams have shown me a crown!

RODERIC (*starts*). A crown?

GOSWIN. A crown upon the brow of one of our house.

RODERIC. A crown? No, not on mine! Impossible! Father, thou ravest!

GOSWIN. This pulse beats as regular as thine; this brain works out its plans in quiet steadiness, as the spider does its web. I repeat, a crown.

RODERIC. The crown is on the head of Leovig.

GOSWIN. Old age, my son, old age! Look forward!

RODERIC. But when he dies the crown will fall to Hermenigild, and after him to Recared, both

noble princes and worthy of the honor; how then can I—

GOSWIN. Bah! Recared is too young.

RODERIC. But Hermenigild?

GOSWIN (*lifts up the decree*). Here is a document which, like the fiery flash from lowering clouds— (*enter ÆGISMUND*.) But, stay! here's Ægismund, the duke, the leader of our army; a man most powerful. We are close friends, although I hardly brook his overweening pride. But policy my son, policy. (*to ÆGISMUND*) Most noble duke, you are prompt as usual.

ÆGISMUND. A soldier's duty, Lord Goswin. Who's this?

GOSWIN. My only son and heir, young Roderic. He has returned but yesterday from Greece, where he attended school.

ÆGISMUND. A noble youth! I bid you welcome, sir, to the fair shores of our land.

RODERIC. I thank you, sir.

ÆGISMUND (*to Goswin*). Saw you the king this morning?

GOSWIN. An hour ago, your grace. (*to Roderic*) Leave us alone and join the courtiers in yonder hall.

RODERIC. By your leave, sir (*bows and exit*).

ÆGISMUND (*sits*). The king—has he decided?

GOSWIN (*throws the decree on the table*). There! Written and sealed!

ÆGISMUND. What? The banishment of Hermenigild?

GOSWIN. Not quite so much, but very near.

ÆGISMUND. Explain, Goswin.

GOSWIN. 'Twas giant's work, almost like moving mountains. When our council left the king last night he wavered long, beset by doubts and fears. The father's love for Hermenigild came uppermost. I feared he would relent. Then sent I for the queen. The hatred between her and her stepson is known to you. His return from Arianism filled the measure to overflowing; she urged the king to sterner feelings. Then came I with pointed arguments as to the safety of the state if the king's own son dare publicly renounce the state religion.

ÆGISMUND. Very good.

GOSWIN. If even the presumed successor of the king, prince Hermenigild—

ÆGISMUND (*rises quickly*). Presumed successor?—Who dares presume?

GOSWIN. Of course, I only echo the people's voice. You and I—

ÆGISMUND. Hermenigild, king of Spain? Never!

GOSWIN. Who's to prevent?

ÆGISMUND (*excited*). I, Ægismund, the Visigoth!

GOSWIN (*eyeing him*). Indeed!

ÆGISMUND. Shall we, the nobles of the nation, stand aside when this audacious prince steps to the throne? This sword has won more battles for the realm than his. The blood which courses through my veins descended from royal ancestors no less than his. I am the staunch defender of Arianism, he an apostate. Hermenigild king over me? Never!

GOSWIN. Well spoken, duke! I echo your sentiments.

ÆGISMUND (*proudly*). Hermenigild must fall,—fall never to rise again! Goswin, find means and ways in your experienced statesmanship, I care not be they fair or foul so they succeed. Command my sword, my title, wealth and name in this affair. He is the stumbling-block upon my way to greatness. More anon! I go to meet the king (*Exit*).

GOSWIN (*bows*). Most noble duke! (*Then looks after him in disdain*.) "Stumbling-block upon my way to greatness!" Now, by the stars! this boasting, bragging duke aspires to the crown, and claims me for his tool. What! I? To see this ducal peacock strutting across the artful circles of my plans upon the throne. The time will come when I shall dig a mine beneath his feet which shall blast his full-blown pride and hurl his kingly aspirations in broken fragments into nothingness. Beware! Yet for the present I need his power and his party for Hermenigild's destruction. The rest is easy. Here they come. (*Enter LEOVIG, ÆGISMUND, RECARED, BOSO, RODERIC SISBERT, AGILAN, TEIAS, KNIGHTS*.)

LEOVIG. We have assembled our court to-day in order to make known to you the measures which our government has determined on. Our son Hermenigild, whom we had sent as governor to Seville, has sadly betrayed our confidence. We sent him to this most important post in order to unite this newly-conquered province more closely to the realm. His orders were to introduce our state religion, the doctrines of Arius, and to draw the people cautiously from their allegiance to the Church of Rome. Alas! He has deceived us. He has renounced publicly our Arian creed and joined the Church of Rome. In vain have been our admonitions, our threats; he neither heard in us the father nor the king. Hence our decision to depose him from his office and banish him from our face and country unless he yield at once to our royal will.

RECARED. O father! king!

LEOVIG. Recared, our faithful and beloved son!

RECARED. O father, be merciful! Depose him, if thou must; but do not banish him from this sweet native land of ours!

LEOVIG. Recared, wilt thou move thy father from his royal decision and decree? Remember—

RECARED. Remember? Yes! O do remember, father, his ever filial love and loyalty to thee; his noble virtues, his heroic deeds for king and country. Remember—

LEOVIG. Stop!

RECARED. O can I be silent when my only brother is doomed to exile? Father, king, I pray—

GOSWIN (*steps to the throne*). Your august Majesty!

LEOVIG. Goswin, our faithful chancellor!

GOSWIN. My liege! Prince Recared is noble, kind and generous in his appeal (*Lays his hand on his heart*). I deeply sympathize with his true brotherly affection; but, alas! my lord and king! There are far higher interests at stake—the welfare of the state, the peace of our land, the integrity of its religion established by the law. You are the king, the chosen guardian of the nation's welfare.

RECARED. O Goswin!

GOSWIN. My prince, I grieve for you! But duty, loyalty, force me to speak. I am a statesman and address the king!

ÆGISMUND. The king, the king! We have been called to hear the king, the mighty ruler of the Visigoths!

LEOVIG. Aye, aye! the king! Recared, back to your place! Forsooth! I am the king, and you shall hear the king. Goswin, the royal edict!

GOSWIN. Here, your Majesty.

RECARED. O heavens!

LEOVIG. This is our royal edict, our unalterable royal will, by which Prince Hermenigild, though our son, shall be deposed and sent to exile, unless he do repent. Sisbert and Agilan step forth!

(SISBERT and AGILAN *advance to the throne*.)

BOSO (*rises suddenly*). Good, my liege!

LEOVIG. Who speaks?

BOSO. Boso, your old comrade in arms and faithful servant.

LEOVIG. What now?

BOSO. O act not rashly in this sad affair! Remember—

LEOVIG. Peace, Boso! Do not attempt to cross the resolution of your king.

BOSO. The king! Forsooth! the king that is the string whereon false friends will harp in order to raise thy anger 'gainst thy own flesh and blood. O royal master, whom I have ever honored, followed in peace and war, remembered in my prayers—

LEOVIG (*angrily*). No more! By my royal anger!

BOSO. Aye! let it burst and strike this breast rather than wrong thy son, the loyal Hermenigild. Show me wherein he hath failed in his allegiance to thee or to the state? Has he not shed his blood in our wars, won victory and fame for our land? That he has bravely followed the dictate of his conscience can never be a crime. Wilt thou enslave his conscience, king? I tell thee no state, nor king has right to force the soul. The soul is godlike, free, is placed as high above the brutal power of the state as yonder star above the dusty globe.

LEOVIG. Boso, now on thy life, no more!

BOSO. My life I ever held but as a pawn to wage against thy enemies, nor fear to lose it.

LEOVIG. Darest thou thy king? Out of my sight!

BOSO. O that thy sight were clear to see the hearts of thy false friends, who vaunt before thy flattered eye the right of kings and power of the state unlimited. Beware of tyranny—

ÆGISMUND (*rushes to the throne*). My king, hearest thou the rebel?

BOSO. Rebel?

GOSWIN. Your Majesty, such words attempt the honor of the crown, the order of the state.

BOSO. Behold, O king, the instigators—

LEOVIG. Now, by the stars!

BOSO. Now by the stars! Thou swearest thy stars in vain.

LEOVIG. O vassal! miscreant! (*lays his hand upon his sword*.)

RECARED. O father, forbear!

BOSO. Do! Draw thy sword upon the man who spoke the truth before thy throne. Still I tell thee, king, thou doest evil.

LEOVIG. Hear me! Hear, rebellious subject, on thy allegiance, hear! Since thou hast dared with overweening pride to openly oppose our royal will, and decry our council, take thy reward. We banish thee from Spain. Ten days we do allot thee to depart. If after that thou art discovered here, that moment is thy death. Away!

BOSO. King, fare thee well! Willingly I go to other climes, where truth and freedom dwell. And you (*to* GOSWIN *and* ÆGISMUND), loud-mouthed defenders of the state, prove by your deeds what you in words parade. Farewell to all! (*Exit*.)

LEOVIG. Count Sisbert and Count Agilan, we have chosen you our ambassadors to Hermenigild our son. Publish this decree before the assembly of the nobles and the prince. Stay for his answer. Should he still resist,—we give you power to act according to the directions which this second letter contains (*hands them another document*). We trust your energy and

prudence for the faithful discharge of our will.

SISBERT. We thank your Majesty for this great honor, and will endeavor to deserve it.

LEOVIG. Farewell! (*Exit with attendants. GOSWIN motions to SISBERT.*)

SISBERT. Your wish, my lord?

GOSWIN. I have some secret instructions for your guidance to impart to you before you leave.

SISBERT. The directions of the king, I ween, are here (*Holds up the letters*).

GOSWIN. Even so. Come to my room to hear more, by order of the king.

SISBERT. 'Tis well! I follow (*Exeunt*).

RECARED. O Boso, honest friend! my heart is wrung with grief, therefore my gratitude lacks words to thank you!

BOSO. Hermenigild! I loved and trained him from his youth and know his real value better than the king. Should I stand silent by and see false Goswin and cunning Ægismund urge your misguided father to wrong him thus? No, by heaven, not I!

RECARED. Alas! in vain! Your truthful frankness has brought you exile and disgrace.

BOSO. And wonderest thou? Outspoken truth was ever in the world but an unwelcome guest, yea, when It came from heaven they nailed It to the cross.

RECARED. Where will you go?

BOSO. There's in the western mountain range a holy shrine where pilgrims meet to pray, there I will go to dwell a hermit in disguise, biding the dawn of better days. Fare thee well, my prince! (*Exit.*)

RECARED. Farewell! (*Extends his arm to heaven.*) O Thou, who rulest on high in boundless love, grant light benign to guide my doubting steps. (*Kneels.*) Dark is the night and heavy shades of sorrow are falling fast around our royal house. (*Curtain.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Very Rev. Father General.*

A feast-day fair, with graces rare,
Our own loved Father, be your share;
May hour by hour reveal fresh power
Of grateful love's auspicious dower!

Just fifty years! How memory clears
The mists away until appears,
Along the main, a radiant chain
Of circles, golden as ripe grain.

Dear Father, these stretch past the seas:
In far Le Mans they touch the trees;

* Address from the Minims read at the celebration of St. Edward's Day, Oct. 13.

There, there we view the fountain true
Of blessings that we owe to you.

Your autumns speed; yet what the need
To speak of lofty aim and deed?
But memory's gaze on festal days
Turns to the tender past always.

Those arches show, in roseate glow,
Your happy feast of long ago,
Until at last, your lot was cast
Here, where your works became so vast.

A brave young priest, late from the East,
We see on great St. Edward's feast;
Rare sunny France speaks in his glance,
Before him now fair youths advance.

They bow to greet with accents sweet
The same dear Father we now meet;
We see you bless their marked success,
Those boys who spoke your last address!

Not theirs to wait for hall of state,
Wherein to praise the good, the great;
No feast-day new brings joy more true
Than that of eighteen forty-two.

And since that time what gifts sublime
Through prayers of yours have blest our clime
How faith has spread! how souls were led
From worldly paths God's paths to tread!

Your children dear, from far, from near,
Have clustered round you year by year;
Here, side by side, long have they vied
To honor you, their saintly Guide.

Thousands unite, in loving rite,
To-day your goodness to requite;
But, do their best, whate'er their zest,
Their utmost falls below the best.

The world-wide name of Notre Dame
Is but the echo of your fame,
With Mary's bound in one glad round
Whose harmonies shall ceaseless sound.

Our classic home, from base to dome,
Of you shall speak, where'er we roam;
Who brought from far, all that we are;
Endowments, time nor change can mar.

Long may you dwell where chiming bell,
Dear Father, of your zeal shall tell;
Where bird and flower, where lake and bower
Proclaim your praises hour by hour!

Heaven grant our plea that you shall be
Spared long beyond the Jubilee
Of this dear place, whose worth we trace
To you, dear Father, by God's grace.

God is the source of all truth and of all right knowledge. To know truth and not connect it with Him is to know the wheels of a watch, scattered and separate, without understanding why they were constructed or what end they are to serve. It is not true knowledge.—*Bishop Rosecrans.*

John J. Fitzgibbon.*

We are encompassed by mysteries; but the darkest enigma to human reason is death! Shall the soul of man—that “vital spark of heavenly flame”—be forever extinguished in the dark rolling river, or shall it “survive the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds”? Shall the noble temple of the body abide forever as a ruin in the dust, or shall it become a “house, not built with hands, everlasting in the heavens”? Who shall give us truth with certainty on this vital question? If you consult the pagan philosophies and religions of ancient or modern times you find contradiction and chilling doubt. Many of their wise men hold that the spirit of man is but a passing vapor, a bubble on the ocean of life. Even those who teach the soul's immortality propose as the worthy end of its existence naught but Elysian fields, Walhallas, or sensual paradises. And as to the resurrection of the body, most of the ancient sciolists, as well as modern agnostics, declare, with the Athenians—to whom it was preached by St. Paul—that it is impossible and absurd. Even among the people of God there were sects and teachers who held false views on these fundamental doctrines. Hence death has ever filled the pagan and unbeliever with gloom and sadness. At the festal boards of the ancients reclined a grinning skeleton, the more hideous because crowned with flowers.

At length the mysteries of the tomb are cleared up, its darkness illuminated by life and immortality. “The Word Made Flesh” came into the world, and by dying on Calvary and rising gloriously from the tomb “the first fruits of the dead” conquered death, “which is the wages of sin,” made the Christian's grave a holy shrine for mortal remains—a trysting-place whence His saints, after a brief sleep, shall rise in power and glory to immortal life. He taught the world that the soul would never die; and that, when the scroll of time is rolled up forever, the bodies of those who sleep in the dust would rise again at the sound of the archangel's trumpet.

So important was this doctrine that the apostles in their preaching gave it the greatest prominence; and in their words it symbolized all the grand and consoling truths of Christianity! Very fittingly does the Apostle of the Gentiles forbid the early Christians to mourn excessively over their dead as the pagans who had no hope; and the key-note of his exhortation was, “Death, where is thy victory? O Grave, where is thy sting?”

This blessed knowledge that our dead are still living as to the nobler part of their being, that their lifeless bodies will one day rise from

their ashes, and that they are even now most probably cognizant of the tributes we pay them of our esteem and love,—this knowledge can alone assuage our grief and reconcile us to their departure. It is this Christian hope only that can give us consolation in the loss of an old and faithful friend, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a model citizen, so suddenly taken from our midst. As we pour the tears of sorrow on the altar of affection we rejoice, as Christians, that our deceased brother “has fought the good fight of faith,” and that the “crown of justice” is within his reach.

If those who live and believe in Christ “shall not die,” may we not comfort ourselves with the hope that our well-beloved friend has exchanged the sorrows of this vale of tears for the joys of paradise?

Did he not believe in Christ with all the strength of his mind? The faith which he inherited from pious ancestors, who suffered and bled for it through long centuries of persecution, he prized above all the treasures of earth. It was to him indeed “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

This faith was also the guiding and inspiring principle of his life; so that, as far as mortal ken can go, we have a moral certainty and assurance that he also “lived in Christ as he believed in Him.” Descended from the royal race of the Geraldines and born in the “Golden Vale” of chivalric Tipperary, he inherited the best qualities of his ancestors. To the many natural virtues thus inherited grace added strength and fullness.

He was a lover of truth. God is truth; and the more clearly a man accepts the truth and loves the truth, the more godlike and noble does he become. The friend we mourn was a truthful man in thought, word and act. He had the moral courage of his convictions. He detested hypocrisy, and despised that moral cowardice which turns its sails to the winds of passion, self-interest or prejudice. He was truly a lay confessor of his religion and conscience.

He was the soul of honesty, which is but the practical side of truth. One fact out of many will show that nothing could stain his “honor bright.” During the administration of General Grant he could, as an excise officer, have made half a thousand dollars a week by allowing the Government to be defrauded of its revenues; but he indignantly spurned the golden bribe, and resigned a lucrative position rather than to be a party to such dishonesty.

He was a man of strictest morality; and those intimate friends who saw into the deepest recesses of his heart knew that the integrity of his soul had never been tarnished by the noxious breath of temptation.

Patriotism, intense, self-sacrificing and true, was the characteristic virtue of his social existence. He loved his native land above money or place or life itself. His whole life was devoted to the alleviation of the sufferings of his country,

* Substance of the sermon by the Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '59, at the funeral of Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon, '60, in St. Patrick's Church, South Chicago, Oct. 3.

In 1865 he resigned a good position to assist in organizing a Fenian army for the invasion of Canada the following year. I do not now speak of the wisdom or unwisdom of the movement. He was fully persuaded that the only way to rescue Ireland from the iron grasp of Great Britain was to attack the tyrant in her colonies, and there organize such a fleet of privateers as would sweep her commerce from the seas, land men and munitions of war in the Green Isle, and thus enable his country to achieve her independence forever.

To gain the sympathy of the powerful American Republic, as well as to gather campaign funds to fight the party of coercion and misrule in Great Britain and Ireland, he was one of the chief organizers in Chicago of those monster meetings which welcomed to our hospitable shores Parnell and the other able Irish members of the British Parliament. He organized the Irish Literary Association, of which he was president from 1869 to 1877, for the purpose of elevating, enlightening and uniting the men of his race without distinction of creed or political views.

If his love of the land of his birth was so great, his love of the country of his adoption was no less intense. Away with the self-styled patriots, in reality hypocrites, who declare that the citizen of foreign birth must forget the land where he first saw the light of day beyond the seas—the “cabin fast by the wildwood,” the classic banks of Father Rhine, the vine-clad hills of France, the sunny skies of Italy or the blood-stained fields of Poland! If the plant which is removed to another soil must first lose its vitality, no care or nursing can restore its lost life and vigor. Those pretended patriots would be the first to fly to Canada or to the protection of the Union Jack in times that try men’s souls.

Early in life Mr. Fitzgibbon had a strong friend in a Southern planter who might have made him overseer of his large plantation, and even adopted him into his own family if he would enter into his service; but the sturdy freeman declared that he would die before wielding the lash over the slave that he looked upon as his brother in Christ and his equal before God! Mr. Fitzgibbon at the beginning of the War of the Rebellion took two positions for which he struggled with all his might until he saw them secured—the union of the States, the freedom of the colored race! When he read the news of his brother’s death in the field of Shiloh, “thank God!” he exclaimed, “that my brother died in the cause of human freedom!”

John J. Fitzgibbon was a man of broad culture, of keen intellect and varied reading and an orator of no mean ability. His thirst for science was unbounded. He was wont to say that though we shall one day see all things clearly in the beatific vision of God, nevertheless the knowledge acquired in the flesh will prove for us a source of pride and pleasure in

the great hereafter. In this he followed the teaching of the Angel of the Schools.

To satisfy “the genial current of his soul” he came to America when a youth of sixteen, for he knew that in Ireland

The torch that would light men thro’ dignity’s way
Must be caught from that pile where their country expires.

After having learned a trade he entered the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1857, and paid for his board and tuition by the labor of his hands. Here he graduated with honor. The ablest panegyric ever pronounced in the classic halls of this institution on him who was “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen” was delivered by John J. Fitzgibbon during his collegiate career. He became Prefect of Studies and Professor in the College of St. Mary’s of the Lake, Chicago, in 1861. He filled the editor’s chair of the *Western Catholic*, in 1872 and ’73, with marked ability and success. In 1876, as the Alumni Orator of the Annual Commencement of Notre Dame University, he delivered a magnificent address on “Religion as the Basis of Education,” and for its glowing eloquence, literary polish and correct theological, historical and philosophical views his effort won the admiration of all right-minded men. In 1878 he delivered a lecture in Chicago on “Italian Art” that evinced the most profound research and refined taste.

His mind was of a philosophical bent and endowed with extraordinary powers of generalization. In all his studies of Art and Science he sought and mastered their fundamental principles. As a business man Mr. Fitzgibbon was characterized by frankness, punctuality and foresight. Some of the wealthy corporations of the city owe their existence in a great measure to his powers of organization. As President of the Calumet National Bank he gave a new impetus to the development of the Calumet region, and gained the confidence and esteem of all the citizens of South Chicago.

He was a man of large and generous nature—with a big heart and open hand. For men of other creeds or nationalities he entertained the highest esteem and greatest charity, and was frequently in requisition as an orator at their social gatherings. As husband and father he was a model of love and affection. As a Catholic he professed his faith openly and practised it faithfully.

He did not live to see the realization of his aspirations—the “Harp and Sunburst” floating proudly over the old Irish Houses of Parliament; but may he soon behold the glorious vision from the starry dome of heaven!

He has left us, but his memory will remain forever as green in our hearts as the bright verdure of his native Isle. Pray that a merciful God give him a place of refreshment, light and peace among His elect. Farewell, dear Christian brother, we hope to soon meet thee again amid realms of light, where there is no death, no sorrow, no parting evermore.

The Pre-Raphaelites.

The answer to the questions, who are they, and what are their characteristics? embodies all I know concerning the pre-Raphaelites. They have come like a comet, and like a comet, I think, they shall go again; they are brilliant, but, at the same time, there is little in them.

They have given to art, whether it be with the brush or the pen, a flavor that is remarkable for its individuality. In painting they follow the old masters that lived before Raphael; they are exact, true to nature,—intense is a word I would like to use, but it can be applied perhaps more fittingly to that characteristic quality in poetry for which they are so noted. Intense they are, and they strive to increase their intensity. They are concrete, and make even the spiritual material.

I have read little, in fact, none of their writings, except Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," and I am, as a consequence, at sea to quote from them. I remember one exquisite line from that poem, and I think it worth the whole; I know not why:

"Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God."

Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," though lacking the music of Tennyson and the polish of Pope, is indeed very attractive. There is something in it that one cannot readily define—such, at least, is the idea I got from hearing parts of it read in class.

The pre-Raphaelites are particularly fond of making vivid pictures; even the most minute details are studied for effect. Their epithets are always appropriate, and here lies one of the secrets of their art in literature.

I do not deem it advisable to enter in this short paper into the history of pre-Raphaelitism; we see its effects in Ruskin, Newman, Dixon, and even in Coleridge who, by the way, was, I am told, unconscious of his leaning toward the school of "intensity." They are interesting, but I doubt that they will live.

M. A. QUINLAN.

The pre-Raphaelites strive to throw off conventionalities and customs, to tear aside the veil of deceit and flattery which hangs over the artistic and literary world, and to go back with the ancients to the study and representation of the truths of nature. They are essentially picture-painters, whether in colors or in words. In literature their pictures are like the momentary scene revealed by a flash of lighting; on

canvas they are to be distinguished by their gorgeous array of brilliant colors, rainbow-like in intensity. They care not to paint cool meadows or quiet, willow-bordered streams, but rather delight in the roar of battle or the lurid colors of a burning city. Love to them is not a soothing balsam for the lonely soul, but a glowing furnace heated by flaming passions.

These pre-Raphaelites strive to discover the essence of things, to bring the causes of all manifest phenomena within the grasp of the senses, whereas these senses were only designed to view results. We employ electricity in a thousand ways, volumes are written upon it, and after all, we know, and can hope to know absolutely nothing about it. We say that an apple falls to the ground and that this is due to gravitation; but who will ever be able to explain the real meaning of the term? Hence every thoughtful man must feel at times a great desire to get beneath the surface of things, to be able to probe into their very heart, and to call them by their true names. It is this wild longing to express the inexpressible, to fathom the unfathomable, which fills the hearts of these pre-Raphaelites, and finds utterance in their impassioned pictures and poetry.

Nothing is abstract to them; all is concrete; they attempt to grasp at the universe, to pry into the spiritual world. To them a prayer has its physical attributes as much as the one who prays; all is material, all lives with an intense, feverish life.

They tighten their nerves almost to the point of breaking, and then play upon the tense cords, making music of the most exquisite type, yet difficultly interpretable by those not in perfect harmony with the ideas and aspirations of the player. Altogether, they are a strange class of men, utterly impracticable in their intenseness, but still with that noble longing for truth which never fails to elevate and inspire its possessor.

M. JOSLYN.

Music's Sway.

Soft the music o'er me stealing,
As I watch the waning light;
Like the sunlight that is fading,
Leaving naught but gloom and night.
How the music sobs and trembles,
'Neath the player's skilful touch,
Tells of hope and joy so fleeting,
Withering while we reach to clutch.
Play away light-hearted maiden!
Music means but mirth to you,
While it fills my heart with sighing
For the joys it never knew.

—Union and Times (Buffalo).

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 15, 1892.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.



| | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| FRED. B. CHUTE, '92; | ERNEST DU BRUL, '92; |
| ROGER B. SINNOTT, '92; | |
| FRED. E. NEEF, '92; | LAMAR MONARCH, '93; |
| R. C. LANGAN, '93; | |
| M. A. QUINLAN, '93; | ALBERT E. DACEY, '93; |
| J. FITZGERALD, '93; | |
| FROST J. THORNE, '94; | WM. V. MCNAMEE, '94. |
| H. L. Ferneding, | } Special Contributors. |
| P. M. Ragan, | |
| J. M. Flannigan. | |

—November 27, 1842, is the exact date of the Founding of Notre Dame:

All hail to starry dome and frescoed hall,
Calm lake and winding walks, fair Notre Dame!
And long future years let fall
Their blessings on thy honored Founder's name!

—Notre Dame is *en fête* to-day in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The commemoration is one that during these days absorbs the attention of every citizen of our land, and actualizes the belief of every right-minded man in the all-pervading influence of a Providence directing the affairs of nations and individuals. In thus uniting with the people of the United States in paying a tribute of veneration and gratitude to the memory and work of the great Christopher Columbus, Notre Dame only intensifies the perpetual memorials of the great Catholic navigator with which, through the zeal of her venerable Founder, her halls are adorned, and which greet the sight and impress the mind of every visitor and student. The exercises of to-day will be in keeping with the spirit of this anniversary, and will be duly reported in our next number.

Founder's Day.

Each recurring thirteenth of October for exactly one half century has marked a day of joy and gladness and festivity to all at Notre Dame. We say *all*, but fifty years have now passed since the first St. Edward's Day was kept here, and how that *all* has grown and developed within that period! Fifty years ago a missionary priest from France, in the glow and enthusiasm of the prime of manhood, stood upon this spot, then a bleak and barren wild, and, with two or three devoted companions, surveyed the scene upon which his life work should be depicted. More than a year had been spent before in missionary labors in this "wild West," when, as Father Sorin himself expresses it in a letter written to his superior at the time:

"Providence permitted that an offer should be made to us of a section of land in the county of St. Joseph, on the banks of the River St. Joseph and not far from the city of St. Joseph, forming a delightful solitude, about twenty minutes' ride from South Bend, which solitude, from the lake it encloses, bears the beautiful name of *Notre Dame du Lac*; and besides, it is the centre of the Indian Mission—the Mission of Badin, De Silles and Petit. Tell me, Father, could Priests of the Holy Cross and Brothers of St. Joseph refuse such an offer?"

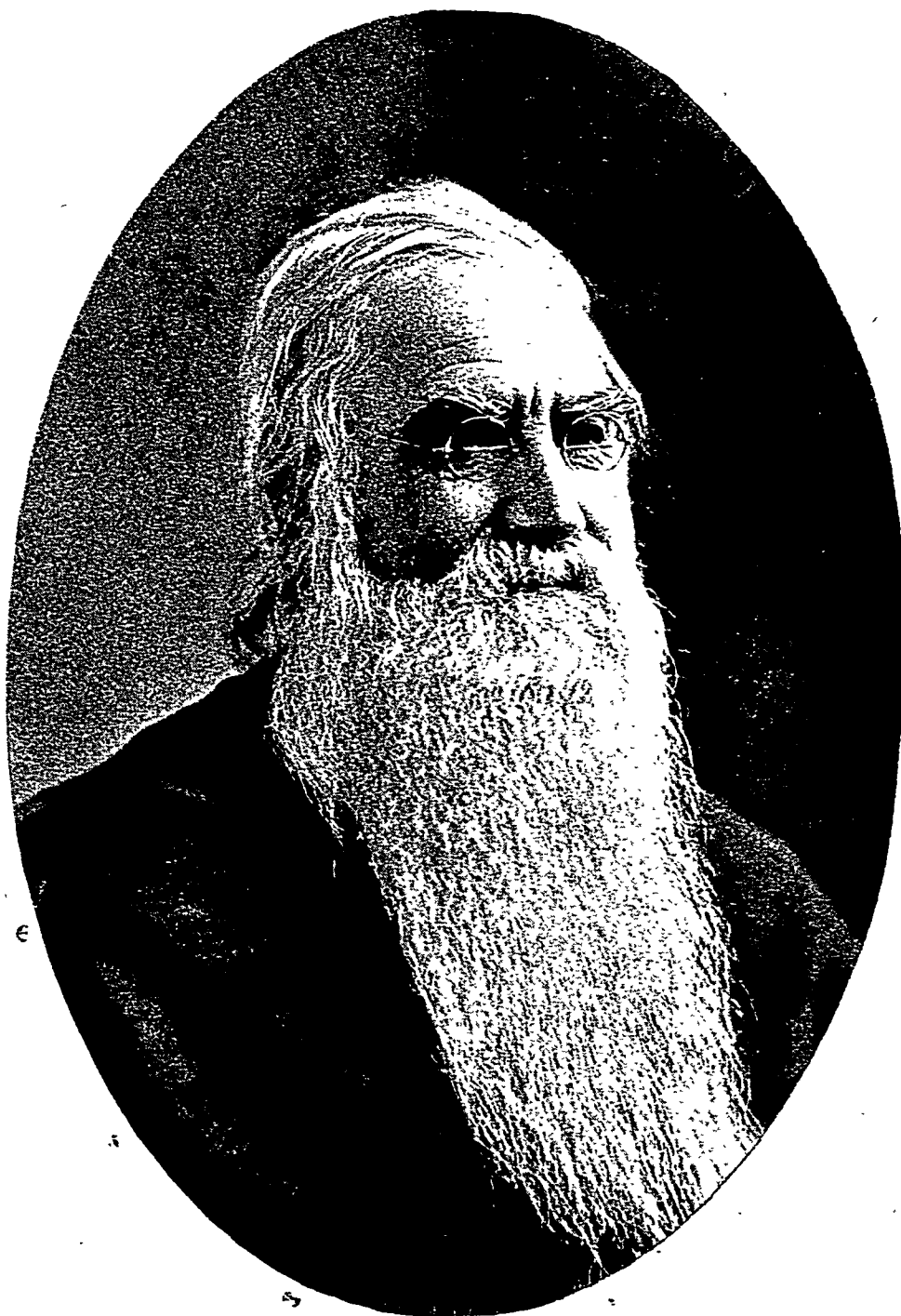
A few weeks after that first St. Edward's Day, he came again with seven devoted religious and began his work—Notre Dame was founded! To-day Notre Dame is the "Pride of the West," the centre of Religion and Science, with its numerous buildings, the home whence issue forth, year after year, bands of devoted religious to spread the light of truth everywhere. How cold are words, oftentimes, when they seek to impart a glow to the narration of facts! We of to-day, in the full enjoyment of this golden jubilee of our *Alma Mater's* existence, cannot realize the years of struggle and self-sacrifice and zeal, inspired by the spirit of prayer, that have been spent to bring Notre Dame to its present era of prosperity and grandeur. Thank God! that directive mind still remains. May our venerable Founder be preserved for many a year to come is the earnest wish and prayer of all at Notre Dame!

And so the day of Golden Jubilee dawned upon us when on Thursday last the venerated Founder of Notre Dame appeared once more before the Faculty and students to receive the greetings and good wishes of loyal and devoted hearts. The brightness of the day seemed to be expressive of the glory of the celebration. Flags floated from every window, and every

building on the college grounds and the halls were decorated with the triumphant colors of red, white and blue. Thus St. Edward's Day of '92 came and went to be forgotten, perhaps, by the strangers that were present, but to be long remembered in the hearts of the students of Notre Dame.

The exercises of the day were fittingly opened with Solemn High Mass, celebrated in the college church by the Rev. President Walsh,

After the Mass Very Rev. Father General was received at the entrance of the main building by the Faculty and students. His appearance was greeted with a grand outburst of music by the University Band, under the direction of Rev. M. Mohun, C. S. C. Then followed an address in behalf of Sorin and Brownson halls delivered by Mr. H. Lamar Monarch. The natural and touching manner of the address was sufficient to show that the sentiments of



VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN.

Founder of Notre Dame, and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

assisted by the Rev. Fathers Hagerty and DeGroot as deacon and subdeacon. The choir rendered a new Cecilian Mass under the direction of Professor Liscombe, and contributed greatly to the impressiveness of the ceremonies. In his sermon the Rev. Father Fitte touched on the life of the Very Rev. Father Sorin who had labored so long and so well for the good of Religion and Science.

the speaker were not the bland, polished words of the pen, but rather the honest expression of what the heart of every true student feels. He spoke as follows:

“VERY REVEREND FATHER GENERAL:

“Fifty golden years ago a missionary from fair France crossed the St. Joseph's River near the little village of South Bend. A young lad bore him company to act as guide through the almost trackless forest. The ground

was covered with a light mantle of virgin snow, sparkling in the morning sun, untouched by the foot of civilized man. He was in the full vigor of early manhood. Filled with a noble purpose he had left home and friends to devote his life to the untutored Indians in the wilds of America. His chosen field of labor was near the Michigan-frontier on the banks of a little lake whose placid surface reflected naught save a lonely log chapel and the bare arms of great leafless trees. Deeply touched by the picturesqueness and beauty of the spot, he fell upon his knees there, and under the circling blue vowed to consecrate it to the cause of Christian education. But now 'the battle's o'er, the din is past.' We look upon his work amazed. No tongue can adequately tell the bars that lay across the path of the brave young pioneer to whose sole zeal so vast a field of labor and responsibility was entrusted.

"To-day it is our privilege to stand in the presence of that young priest, now the venerated Patriarch of Notre Dame. Here where stately pines and somber oaks reared their heads, now tower the tapered spires and gilded domes of a quiet college city. These peaceful shades that now re-echo to voice of student, once lay wrapped in silence broken only by the war-cry of the savage Pottawatomies, or the howl of some wild beast. Peace and harmony reign where once were confusion and disorder. It were needless to portray in words the great efforts this wonderful monument betokens. This day makes the fiftieth golden sheaf garnered since the Lord of the harvest sent you into His vineyard. This hour is consecrated by those many years of prayer and sacrifice. God has given you strength in years to guard and care for this great seat of learning. Again and again He renews your health for the enjoyment of the maturing fruits, which His glorious sunshine and your zealous labor have brought forth.

"May He long continue to crown you with His blessings that your cheerful smile and your joyous greetings may charm us as in the past! With this pious thought upon their lips the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls wish to lay at your feet their tribute of filial love and devotion."

Mr. James W. Rend then appeared in behalf of Carroll Hall and spoke as follows:

"VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

"One more year has passed and with it brought the day on which we assemble here with rejoicing hearts to honor him whom it is our pleasure to greet as our Father. It is our privilege on this your patronal festival to reverence in our humble way the Founder and Father of Notre Dame.

"Just fifty years ago these beautiful grounds were nothing more than deep forests. Around these lakes where so many of us have spent happy hours, one might perceive our dear Father with axe in hand hewing out the foundation of this college, and unconsciously rearing a monument to himself in one of the greatest institutions of America. What a difficult task lay before him! It was not one year's work alone to found a community such as this! And how did this eager young priest bear himself through all the trials that his great undertaking placed before him? His trust was ever in God, and herein is found the reason of his great success. The fruits of his life-work are immortal and can be destroyed by neither time nor flame, for his great achievement was not the mere building of a college, but the winning of an imperishable inheritance in Heaven.

"The building of one of the finest educational institutions in the United States, the imparting of a truly Christian education to the thousands who have passed their school-days at Notre Dame, are but portions of his work. He is with us now and this is his feast-day, the festival of the glorious St. Edward. Does there not exist a striking resemblance between our good Father and the saintly king? The likeness is plainly seen when we compare their works and their lives.

"St. Edward was forced to take refuge in another country than his own and learn virtue in distress; Father Sorin abandoned his home to build an institute of learning in order to teach virtue in a foreign land. One ruled a nation, the other governs a congregation of devoted religious. St. Edward erected Westminster as a monument of his zeal for the glory of God; Father General dedicated Notre Dame to the service of God and his fellowman. Who knows but that Notre Dame may yet send forth the greatest statesmen and the noblest citizens our country shall possess. That she may is the life-long aim of Very Rev. Father Sorin and the sincere wish of every true son of Notre Dame.

"And now, venerable Father, we the St. Cecilians, and the students of Carroll Hall, extend to you most cordial and hearty congratulations, and assure you that it is our fervent wish that, for many years to come, you may live to meet us here, and listen to the justly-earned expressions of love and gratitude, which it is our greatest privilege to offer."

Francis Holbrook, accompanied by Volney Berthelet and Willie Scherrer, then represented the Minims in a beautiful poetic address which we publish elsewhere in this paper.

On the conclusion of the addresses Very Rev. Father General arose and feelingly expressed his acknowledgment of the greetings which had been accorded him. The throng then dispersed to continue the festivities of the day in field-sports and other amusements. It was indeed a day of joy to all, and all its varied events elicited many a heartfelt aspiration that health and length of days may attend the venerable Founder of Notre Dame.

Observations.

It has always been a puzzle to me to think that some people will stand by and hear it said, with all outward show of complacency, that the punster is a gentleman; I can't understand it. There is no other way to account for it than to state that such persons are themselves woefully addicted to the habit. The punster, the habitual punster, is a pest to human society. And yet we meet with him everywhere. Whenever you make an attack on him for the flippancy of his tongue he turns to you with all the innocence of a Lamb, and says: "pun my honor I didn't mean it." Of course, you are compelled to believe him for the time being,

no matter what your inner thoughts are. You are narrating an interesting episode, and the attention of your hearer, if he be an inveterate punster, is carefully focused on the words you make use of; he is watching for a chance to show his wit (?), and when the opportunity presents itself he immediately apprizes you of the fact. He certainly attaches great importance to this branch of study, and considers it an accomplishment that he, at least, can appreciate. If you wish to escape him, show him by your actions that he is unique, not in his science but in self-admiration; then he will stop and reflect on his folly. Perhaps.

It is surprising how many questions some people can ask, and show at the same time a total lack of good judgment. At first sight it would appear that my logic note-book was none the worse for the wear, but this remark applies strictly to people who would certainly consider it an insult to be called "proverbial fools." In other words, they were grads. Well, one of these, deeply versed in the sciences, and presumably a lover of astronomy, seems to be especially interested in that azure-domed edifice situated a few yards south of the Institute of Technology. But what is particularly strange is the fact that of late he has been troubling himself a great deal about a certain instrument known as "the telescope." He evidently had displayed unusual interest in the affair. Perhaps you have seen him, gentle reader; he roams about at evening, gazing intently at the heavens, talking to himself about Ursa Major and the Little Bear. One night he was in search of the Milky-Way; and from his wistful looks I was there and then led to believe he was longing for a sip of the lacteal beverage.

Let that be as it may, he still carries with him at eve that wistful look, and I have no prescription to offer. Anyway, I met him, and he began asking questions at a surprising rate. He raked the SCHOLASTIC over the coals for not keeping track of that telescope. He wanted to know if it were in the Observatory, was I sure it wasn't "on the way," how long until he could see it, and so on, *ad infinitum*—if I had been willing to listen. He wanted to see stars, and I was sorely tempted to satiate his last-named desire' right on the spot; but being of a gentle disposition, I restrained myself and unceremoniously turned on my heel. No sooner had I left him than another of his clan asked me: "When are they going to take the bell down?" Now, I was sure I hadn't been appointed

local editor, and, moreover, I wasn't an official news agent; my indignation was aroused, and had not the wary astronomer come to his friend's assistance, others might have had a tale to tell. Beware of information seekers.

Now, that the presidential campaign is nearing its crisis, youthful politicians would do well to study up the question thoroughly before casting their votes. A timely speech on the tariff, the "force bill," or the silver question might entirely change their views. Ready speakers are not to be heard very often discussing such matters in these regions, but the knowing ones are never at a loss for anything in that line. They are staunch believers in "charms," and with one word spoken at the right hour they can call forth a burst of eloquence from a local genius that would change the minds of millions. This man is a firm supporter of the Democratic party. Stand in front of Science Hall at the thirteenth hour, and shout for Harrison. If it be your first trial, seek an "old-timer" who will explain the trick; it works admirably. "Three cheers for Harrison!" You never, in all your life, heard of such a charm. For further information inquire of Dusie.

THE OBSERVER.

Books and Periodicals.

THE TRAGEDIES OF ÆSCHYLUS. Translated by E. H. Plumptre, D. D. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.

Metrical translations of classical authors are usually unsatisfactory. The instances wherein they have been successful in our literature may easily be counted on one's fingers. One cannot help wishing that Prof. Plumptre had given us Æschylus in the strong, rugged Saxon which would become his theme so well, and of which he has already proved his mastership in the English magazines. As it is, however, his translation is *facile princeps* among the English renderings of Æschylus which have come under our observation. It is characterized by the fidelity and erudition (this chiefly in the matter of antiquarian notes) which one expects of a man of his parts. He gives us the spirit of the original without making use of the studied archaisms that mar other translations. His verse is smooth and musical, and is relieved by occasional felicity of expression such as almost makes one forget its character of translation. The Routledges have brought the book out in an appropriate and tasty dress.

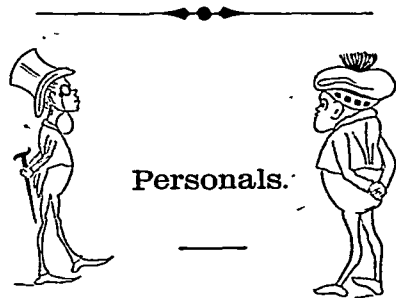
THE FOOT-PATH WAY. by Bradford Torrey.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

If one would see how gracefully a clever man can ride his hobby he need seek no farther than this charming little book. Mr. Torrey is one of that happy school whom the "melancholy Jacques" describes. He is a lover of nature, who finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stone and good in everything." More than this, he has the rare talent of treating a technical subject in an entertaining manner. Mr. Torrey's theme in this little volume is the *flora* and *fauna* of New England, and no one who is acquainted with his other ventures in the field of natural history can have any doubt as to the success of his latest book. It is written in a chatty, conversational style and abounds in bits of fanciful description. In the chapter on "Folks and Flowers" he develops the pretty fancy that nearly all the qualities of human nature seem reflected in one or another species of blossom. Every florist and bird-fancier, who wishes to combine pleasurable with profitable reading, will feel grateful to the author. His method of treatment is excellent and his style has all the grace of Buffon. The binding and presswork are after the best manner of the great publishing house whence the book is issued.

ZACHARY PHIPPS. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

American readers of fiction have not yet forgotten the charm of "The Begum's Daughter." They will therefore be glad to know that Mr. Bynner's later books more than fulfil the promise implied in his earlier works. Like "Agnes Surriage" and "The Begum's Daughter," "Zachary Phipps" is an historical novel. It deals with the conspiracy of Aaron Burr and the War of 1812. The romantic story of Blennerhassett is set forth in clear and simple style, and the character of the arch-conspirator is drawn with a steady hand. Zachary Phipps in the first chapter is a vulgar little boy with a tendency to profanity. He resents the punishment inflicted by schoolmaster Tilotson (refuses "detention" we should say nowadays), and runs off to sea to avoid the consequences. He rises in his profession with the rapidity usual in story-books and soon wins distinction. The crisis of his life is reached when the daughter of his former employer says: "Learn to do something in life—no matter what—better than anybody else, and your fortune is made." In Mr. Bynner's hands Zachary makes remarkable progress, becomes a most respect-

able young man, and marries in the circle to which his energy and talent have elevated him. The story is interesting throughout, as the experiences of Zachary not only "point a moral" but "adorn a tale."



—Miss Shinn of Philadelphia has been visiting Mrs. Dr. Egan at the "Lilacs."

—The Rev. F. Brown, of Racine, was a welcome visitor during the week.

—Frank Ashton, '87, stepped in to visit the University on St. Edward's Day.

—Mrs. Devine and her son Will (Com'l), '89, attended the exercises on Founder's Day.

—Dr. M. F. Egan represented the College at the Columbian banquet, Wednesday, in Chicago.

—"Pat" Burke is a successful lawyer in Stillwater, Minn. A good place for a lawyer!

—Mrs. Patrick Cavanagh, of Chicago, came to see her son Tom, of Carroll Hall, on the thirteenth.

—Dennis Barrett, '90, is studying for the priesthood at St. Thomas Seminary, Merriam Park, Minn.

—Mrs. Johnson, accompanied by Miss Towle, of St. Paul, visited her son George, of Carroll Hall, during the week.

—We have just found out that Profs. Liscombe and Neil were the guests of the Rev. Father Morrissey at St. Dennis' Hotel, Denver, during the vacation.

—The late Alexis Coquillard, of South Bend, Notre Dame's first student, was the lad who guided Very Rev. Father Sorin to the spot upon which he founded Notre Dame.

—Bro. Marcellus, the genial director of St. Pius' School, Chicago, paid a flying visit during the week. He reports a large increase in attendance and predicts a most successful year.

—Dr. and Mrs. John R. Boynton, of Chicago, were most welcome visitors on the 13th. Dr. Boynton enjoys a high reputation among the medical fraternity of the West, attained by rare gifts of mind and heart. We hope the doctor and his amiable wife will favor us with many a repeated visit.

—It gives us great pleasure to repeat the words of other papers, when referring to the success of the "Old Boys" of Notre Dame. *The Dalles Times-Mountaineer* speaks of one of last year's class in the following worthy words:

"The court room was crowded last evening to listen to Senator Dolph and others discuss the political issues of the day. At 8 o'clock preceded by the band, the

Senator, accompanied by several of our prominent citizens, proceeded to the court house, and the programme was begun by the chairman of the county committee introducing Mr. N. J. Sinnott, a young man lately graduated from Notre Dame University, who made a very eloquent and masterly effort. He has a fine voice as an orator, and the manner in which he handled the subject showed that he had studied it carefully."



Local Items.



- St. Edward's Day.
- The Golden Jubilee.
- To the rear! March!
- Glad to see you back!
- L. did some *fine* coaching.
- Did you lose your pie yet?
- Rec! Rec! (at three-thirty.)
- A glorious St. Edward's day!
- Did you get a ride on the bat?
- The waiters report a busy time.
- How about the "fat man's race"?
- Take that frog out of your pocket!
- Was ist los mit de "Fresh air fund"?
- Columbian celebration this afternoon.
- The seargent-at-feet is a good walker.
- Extra "rec" is now a relic of the past.
- Boys, put a vim into that yell hereafter.
- A. says that giant powder is very effective.
- The Law class is unusually large this year.
- The drummer has gone out of the business.
- The "scrapper" is making himself famous.
- W. has at last parted with those beautiful curls.
- "Sec'y D" is becoming noted as a bread-fiend.
- "Sugar plum" follows on behind as meek as a lamb.
- Alas! the mocking-birds of yesterday are the yellow cats.
- Oh, that first yell! Boys, are you afflicted with lung trouble?
- P. says orders for his new patent heater are coming in lively.
- The Carroll promenade is very much in favor among the "Profs."
- We are glad to know that the Cap'n of Co. "B" will put "G" and "C" in one "four."
- A reward will soon be offered for the somnambulist in the second dormitory.
- The Junior dormitories are now inhabited by "rolling-oceans" and "yaller tom-cats."
- The Carroll cyclists are daily increasing in number, and an interesting race is expected.
- Since D. has commenced the Commercial Course, his principal topic has been "Politics."
- Poor fatty! If his after-supper exercise is

continued, he will soon be but a memory of the past.

—This is the College cheer: 'Rah! 'rah!! 'rah!!! Gold and Blue!!!! 'Rah! 'rah!! 'rah!!! N. D. U!!!!

—The Brownsons are becoming experts in calisthenic exercises, but the New Yorker still leads the van.

—The Brownsons have turned over 37,542 stamps to Bro. Hilarion so far. Keep the good work up, boys.

—The 102 princes honored the feast-day of their beloved Father by having their names on the Roll of Honor.

—The frost dealt so kindly with St. Edward's Park that it presented a really beautiful appearance on the 13th.

—The heavy roller has come, has gone, like a thief in the night, leaving not even foot prints in the Carroll sands.

—The game of football Thursday afternoon resulted in favor of Captain Flannigan's men by a score of 6 to 4.

—We are pleased to see the genial Father T. Maher around once more and perfectly recovered from his recent severe illness.

—The South Bend High School football team will play our second team on the Brownson campus on Wednesday afternoon next.

—It took six Brownsons to put "Abe" on the hedge fence, and it took eight more to help the six extricate themselves from his grasp.

—Several games of base-ball between members of tables in the Brownson refectory, are promised next week. The winning table eats the pie of the loser.

—The second nines of Brownson Hall played another tie game Monday afternoon, the score standing 15 to 15. The batteries were Brady and Bauer, and Barrett and Hartnett.

—That was an elegant hundred yard dash between E. of Sorin Hall and K. of Brownson, on Thursday. The time was not very fast, but E. says it cost as much as if he made it in 9 seconds.

—Bro. Paul and Captain Coady gave the members of the football teams a nice talk Monday evening, and told all what would be expected of them, and enthused the boys a good deal.

—The graveyard fence has become, under the masterly hand of B. Frederick, a great ornament to Notre Dame. It reflects considerable credit upon his skill and taste as a decorative painter.

—Oh the boys of Carroll Hall
Thought they could play base-ball,
But the Brownson boys so gay
With their bats did win the day.
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

—St. Edward's Hall was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting on the 13th. At night the building was illuminated. The princes

delight in giving these outward expressions of their affection for the one in whose honor their palace is named.

—The Lake City poet is now studying French. He speaks Latin, English and French, all at the same time.

—Branch No. 2 of the Archconfraternity of Brownson Hall elected the following officers on Tuesday: Director, Rev. M. J. Regan, C.S.C.; President, W. H. Covert; Vice-President, W. J. Schueller; Secretary, R. E. Healy; Treasurer, A. Corry; Standard-Bearer, M. D. Kirby.

—Bro. Hilarion's table played M. McCullough's table for pie on the Brownson campus Thursday afternoon, and at the end of five innings the game was called, the score standing 6 to 4 in favor of Bro. Hilarion's men. The batteries were Krembs and Flynn, and Brady and Bauer.

—An interesting game of ball was played between the Carrolls and Brownsons on the 9th. Gilbert's "three-bagger" was one of the principal features of the game.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| CARROLLS:— | 1 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1=9 |
| BROWNSONS:— | 4 | 0 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 1 | 0=14 |

—One of the best practice games of football ever witnessed at Notre Dame was played last Thursday. The contestants were the Anti-Specials, who are preparing for a game with South Bend High School next week, and a picked team. The score was 6 to 4 in favor of the Antis. It is the general opinion that they will beat the High School.

—Bro. Columbkille has just finished two beautiful pedestals which will soon be put in the church. All who have seen the skilful Brother's work pronounce them models of good workmanship, and say they will enhance the beauty of the statues for which they were made. The Brother does his work entirely by hand and from his own designs.

—The Brownson Hall handball association was organized Monday morning, and elected the following officers: President, M. McCullough; Vice-President, C. Roby; Secretary, J. Henley; Treasurer, F. Murphy. Next week teams will be apportioned and an active campaign will begin for the championship. A tournament is also promised in the near future.

—Football is as popular as ever; in fact, there is a great deal of enthusiasm over the subject, and much is expected in the way of a team this year. The fact that practice was done on such a hot day as last Thursday shows that there must be a great deal of regular football fever in the boys. Let the good work go on! Let us have a good team that will be an honor to Notre Dame!

—All scientists are not dead yet. The experiment that led Archimedes to his method for determining specific gravity was renewed by an ingenious Brownsonite in one of the rooms of the Natatorial Department. While perched on

the rim of a foaming bathing-tank, meditating on the intricacies of physical laws, his equilibrium was disturbed, and he descended softly, clothes, science and all, into the tub.

—On Monday the ex-Juniors played the Juniors and beat them by a score of 14 to 8. B. P. did not call them off, as was stated in the SCHOLASTIC last week, because he was afraid they would be beat, but for the reason that he did not want the Brownson Hall boys to go into the refectory with clothes on that they had been sliding around the bases. He always gives them time to dress. He thinks that the refectory is not a place for base-ball suits.

—The fifth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held, Wednesday, Oct. 12, with Colonel Hoynes presiding. The following, "Resolved, That the judges of the United States, courts should be elected instead of appointed," was given out for general debate for the evening, and Messrs. Ansbury, DuBrul, Chidester, Ferneding, Ragan, McCuddy, and Coady delivered, impromptu, some very appropriate arguments anent the question. The regular debate for the evening was, "Resolved, That a change to six years and one term in the presidential office would be a salutary reform." It was ably argued by Messrs. Ragan and DuBrul for the affirmative, and Messrs. Chute and Coady for the negative. Apropos of the merits of the arguments, the chairman decided that they were with the affirmative. The question given out for debate two weeks hence is: "Resolved, That compulsory education laws unjustly invade parental rights and should be abolished." The disputants are Messrs. Ferneding and Feeney for the affirmative, and Messrs. Ragan and Gibson for the negative.

Field Day.

MINIMS' SPORTS:

Early Thursday morning the Minims were at work decorating St. Edward's Hall in an earnest and praiseworthy endeavor to excel all other departments in decoration. They had much to overcome, especially when brought into conflict with Sorin Hall; but that they succeeded in distancing all competitors is the unanimous verdict of impartial critics. Large streamers of red, white and blue bunting hung from top to bottom, while the windows showed a profusion of flags, flowers, etc. In the evening the building was tastefully illuminated, and Chinese lanterns could be seen hanging in every window.

In the morning Bro. Cajetan took the "princes" to the Senior campus where all their sports were held, and the contests were very exciting. The following is a list of the races and the winners:

1st Running-race—Crandall, 1st; Corry, 2d. (2) F. Trankle, 1st; W. Healy, 2d. (3) F. Croke, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d. (4) E. Drew, 1st; J. McCarthy, 2d.
1st Hurdle-race—A. Loomis, 1st; E. Johntry, 2d. (2)

A. Monaghan, 1st; J. Ayers, 2d. (3) J. Higgins, 1st; R. McPhee, 2d.

1st Three-legged-race—Wilson and Jones 1st; McAllister and Ayers, 2d. (2) Christ and Ninneman, 1st; Scherrer and McCarthy, 2d.

1st Sack-race—Flynn, 1st; Keeler, 2d. (2) Finnerty, 1st; Durand, 2d.

1st Bicycle race—Hudson, 1st; Berthelet, 2d. (2) Roesing, 1st; McCarthy, 2d. (3) Getchel, 1st; Bopp, 2d.

Consolation race—Engelhardt, 1st; McAllister, 2d. (2) McGushion, 1st; Roach, 2d.

The Consolation bicycle race, $1\frac{1}{8}$ mile, was won by Berthelet, after which the winners of the three previous bicycle races were matched against him. Berthelet won it with ease. Time, 4 minutes 30 seconds.

CARROLL HALL.

At 2 p. m. the Carrollites' sports began with the first 100 yds. dash. L. Gibson came in first, Dion 2d, Janssen 3d; time, 11 secs. The second 100 yds. dash was won by Hill, with Kutina 2d; time, $12\frac{1}{2}$ secs. The third 100 yds. run was won by Langevin, with Durand second, in $13\frac{1}{4}$ secs.

In the running broad jump, Gibson cleared 17 and Dion 16 ft.; Gibson also came out ahead in the hop-step-and-jump, making 37 feet, followed by Dion with 32-6.

The first hoop race was won by Covert, with Gilbert second; in the second hoop race Cornell was first, Heizman, second. Gibson came out first in the 220 yds. run, followed by Hill, time $23\frac{3}{4}$ secs. Gibson threw the ball 295 ft. 3 in., Kutina, 261 ft. 11 in. Miles, closely pressed by Ducey, won the mile run. G. Sweet won the first bicycle race, whilst in the second Franke the Favorite was slightly beaten by O'Mara. The exhibition and trick riding was performed whilst all were asleep—at least no one can be found who can give a satisfactory report of the same.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannagan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Jewett, Joslyn, Kearney,* Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, McCarrick, Mitchell, McAuliff, O'Donnell, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, E. Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barrett, Barton,* Beck, Brennan, Burns, Brady, C. Corry, A. Corry, Covert, Chassaing, Curran, Colby, Cutler, Coady, Cook, Cullen, Cumisky, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, J. Corcoran, Chidester, Devanny, F. Davis, Dinkel, Dempsey, Eyanson, Freitag, Flanigan, Fardy, A. M. Funke, R. Flynn, A. Flynn, J. Flynn, Feeny, Groff, Garst, O. Griffin, F. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Hartnett, Hartman, Healy, E. Harris, R. Harris, Hagan, Henley, Isbell, Jacobs, Kelly, M. Kenny, Kunert, Kearns, W. Kirby, Krembs, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Linehan, Luther, Leonard, Lindeke, Libert, Murphy, Murray, McCuddy, McFadden, Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, Maynes, McCullough, McDermott, D. Monarch, O'Shea, O'Connor, W. O'Neill, F. O'Neill, Pomroy, Priest, Peak, Pulskamp, Prichard, Patiers, Quinlan, E. Roby, Rice, C. Roby, C. Ryan, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, Ring, Roper, Stanton, Schueler, Smith, Spalding, Tratt, Vignos, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Wellington.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, J. Brown, R. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Brennan, Covert, Cornell, Creedon, Cox, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Crane, Cullen, Crawford, Dorsey, Druecker, Ducey, DeLormier, Dempsey, Dannemiller, Evans, Freeman, Franke, C. Furthman, Fossick, Funke, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Garfias, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hill, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, Hathaway, Hargrave, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Jones, Janssen, Jonquet, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kindler, Kinney, Lanagan, Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lantry, G. Lowrey, Lohner, T. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Mattox, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, Mills, Medalie, J. Miller, Moss, Miles, Monaghan, Meyers, Marie, L. Murphy, McDonald, McCarrick, McCarthy, F. McPhillips, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, Nichols, Nolan, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, Oliver, Priestly, Powell, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Renesch, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Reilly, Reber, Sievers, Sweet, Stern, Straus, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Schaack, Stephens, Sparks, Segenfelder, Sharp, Strassheim, Todd, Tong, Towle, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Wagner, Walde, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Wietzel, B. Wietzel, O. Wright, Yeager, York, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Bump, Ball, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Burnham, Barrett, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Crandell, Corry, Curry, D. Campau, F. Campau, Cross, Corcoran, Christ, Cressey, Durand, Drew, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Engelhardt, Egan, N. Freeman, Flynn, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Getchel, Green, Howard, Higginson, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Higgins, W. Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Hudson, Jones, Jonquet, Johntry, Keeler, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Langley, Lowrey, Lohner, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Maritzin, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Emit McCarthy, R. Morris, F. Morris, McDonald, McGushin, McPhee, McAlister, McCarry, Ninneman, Oatman, Otero, O'Neill, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roache, F. Roesing, B. Roesing, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Segenfelder, Thompson, Wilson, Wilcox, Everest, Bopp, Croke, Dugas, Girsch, Gavin, Freeman, Holbrook, Londoner, McGinley, Stuckart, Trankle, Elliott.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

A Word of Warning.

Late we read a metred outburst,
Dealing hard with us, you know;
But the dart was dipped in poison,
And the archer best lay low.

Now, we would not wish to harm him
Had he not aroused our ire:
If he would not hear our warwhoop,
He would do well to retire.

We are Injuns, we have arrows,
And he'll find it out too soon;
We will scalp him, if we catch him,
Yi! Yi! By the Great Horn Spoon!

E-RA-KWAWS.

VANDALIA Line gives notice that their mileage books, and those of Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R.R. Co's issue and Pennsylvania Lines' west of Pittsburg issue, which have heretofore been good over the other portions of the Vandalia Line, will be honored on their Peoria Division also.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

[Essays, society reports, and items of general interest regarding the Academy, appear in *St. Mary's Chimes*, issued monthly by the pupils of St. Mary's Academy. Price of subscription, \$1.00 per annum.]

Weekly Bulletin.

Graduating Class.—Misses K. Ryan, Thirds, Haitz, Hudson, Moynahan, Lynch.

First Senior Class.—Misses Davis, Gallagher, Kimmell, Charles, Roberts, Tormey, Butler, G. Windstandley, B. Windstandley, Dempsey, M. Burns.

Second Senior Class.—Misses Morehead, Stuart, Healy, Holmes, Gibbons, Clifford, Carico, Call, Higgins, Ruppe, A. Ryan, Wurzburg, Brady, Griggs, Keating, N. Moore, McLoughlin, M. Wagner, Dillon, Hellmann, Kennedy, McGarry, M. Nichols, Pumpelly, Byrnes, Duffy, Sanford, O'Mara, E. Seeley, Kenny, Barrett.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Bogart, Coady, Coffin, Cooney, Meskill, O'Sullivan, Zeiger, C. Barry, Hammond, Whitmore, E. Wagner, E. Barry, Griffith, Hunt, Kieffer, Lancaster, Good, Jacobs, Kelly, B. Nichols, Franke, M. Barry, Nicholson, Cowan, Miner, Welker, S. Smyth, Garrity, Boyle.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses Murphy, Hopkins, McDermott, Schoolcraft, Agney, Butler, Daley, Sachs, Culkin, Goldsoll, Terry, Richardson, Gardner, Baxter, Hittson, McCarthy, B. Wright, Dingee, Kaufmann, McCormack.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses Russert, Werst, Schultz, Robbins, L. McHugh, Augustine, Bartholomew, Ellet, Foulks, C. Hermann, Dreyer, Graffe, Marshall, McDonald, Reed, Tong, Payne, Pfaelzer, Morgan, Reise, Wehr, Grub, Cowan, Kelly.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses Cahill, T. Hermann, E. Keating, Mitchell.

Junior Preparatory Class.—Misses Trask, E. Dowling, Whittaker, Riordan, Seeger, McGuire, Tilden, Casanave, Beck, Egan, M. McHugh, I. Dowling, Ford, M. McCormack, Wheeler.

First Junior Class.—Misses Campau, Pendleton, Hammond, McKenna, McPhillips, L. Dowling, McDonald, Allen, Tittsworth, L. Finnerty.

Second Junior Class.—Misses Wolverton, Binz, McCarthy, Crocker.

Third Junior Class.—Misses Dugas, Buckley, J. Brown, E. Brown, L. Smith, Degnan, V. Smyth.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

First Class.—Misses M. Roberts, A. Thirds, L. Hudson, K. Healy.

Second Class.—Misses T. Kimmell, B. Lancaster, M. Higgins, E. Barry.

Third Class.—Misses H. Pumpelly, A. Terry, L. Gallagher, L. Welker, C. Culkin, M. Agney, S. Meskill, L. Cunningham, K. Nicholson.

FRENCH.

Second Class.—Misses Davis, Gibbons, Sanford, Morehead.

Third Class.—Misses Thirds, Call, Stuart, M. Nichols, Doble, A. Seeley, G. Cowan, S. Smyth, Dempsey, K. Ryan, M. Byrnes, Tormey, Charles, M. Burns.

Second Division.—Misses Baxter, E. Reed, Culp, Morgan, E. McCarthy.

Fourth Division.—Misses Butler, Cunningham, Furlong, Lodewyck, Kennedy, Cooney, Zeiger, Thompson, Dingee, Mitchell, Ellet, Foulks, Daley, Crilly, Trask, A. Ryan, Nicholson, I. Dowling, Marshall, Coffin.

GERMAN.

Second Class.—Misses A. Haitz, M. Carico, M. Russert, E. Zeiger, C. Kaspar, M. Marrinan, Kieffer.

Third Class.—Misses G. O'Sullivan, P. Hellmann, N. Keating, M. Ruppe, A. O'Mara, K. Jacobs, C. Wehr, B. Kingsbaker.

Fourth Class.—Misses L. Holmes, B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley, M. McLoughlin, M. Bartholomew, J. Pfaelzer, L. Schaefer, H. Klemm, A. Girsch.

Fifth Class.—Misses G. Bogart, A. Coady, L. McHugh, C. Graffe, H. Seeger, C. Hermann, T. Hermann, L. Binz, L. Flynn, P. Gardner, M. Schultz, G. Casanave, A. McDermott, E. Dowling, I. Dowling.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustine, Agney, Bassett, E. Barry, Bogart, A. Butler, Bartholomew, Brady, E. Burns, M. Burns, C. Barry, Barrett, Charles, Carico, Coffin, Crilly, Culkin, Coady, Cunningham, Caldwell, Cahill, Clifford, M. Cooper, Cooney, Davis, Dillon, Dingee, Dempsey, Duffy, L. Dale, B. Dale, Ellet, Furlong, Foulks, Field, Franke, Gallagher, Griggs, Good, Griffith, Gardner, Goldsoll, Gibbons, Haitz, Hudson, Healy, Hellmann, Hittson, Hazlitt, C. Hermann, T. Hermann, Higgins, Hunt, Hopkins, Hoban, Jacobs, Kimmell, N. Keating, Klemm, E. Keating, Kennedy, Kaufmann, Kelly, Kieffer, Kinney, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lancaster, Lodewyck, LaMoure, Lillyblade, Marrinan, Moynahan, McLoughlin, Meskill, Morehead, Miner, B. Moore, McCarthy, McDonald, Marshall, McDermott, Mitchell, N. Moore, McCormack, McGarry, Murphy, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Mara, O'Sullivan, Pumpelly, Payne, Pfaelzer, Patier, K. Ryan, Ruppe, B. Reed, Russert, Roberts, A. Ryan, Riese, Richardson, Stuart, E. Seeley, Schoolcraft, Schultz, Schaefer, Sanford, Thirds, Terry, Tong, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, Welker, Werst, Wurzburg, Whitmore, Wright, Wolverton, Wehr, Welter, Wilkinson, Zeiger.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Binz, Beck, Boyle, Baxter, Cowan, Campau, Casanave, Coddington, Crandall, Dent, E. Dowling, I. Dowling, L. Dowling, Dreyer, Ford, Flynn, Feltenstein, Girsch, Graffe, Grub, Garst, Garrity, Hammond, Kasper, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, McGuire, Morgan, Murray, McKenna, Otero, Pendleton, Riordan, Richardson, Ryder, S. Smyth, Seeger, Sargent, Tormey, Tilden, Trask, Wheeler, Whittaker, Welter.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Brown, I. Brown, Buckley, Bourgeois, Crocker, Dugas, Degnan, Egan, Finnerty, Fisher, Girsch, Murray, McCormack, McCarthy, McDonald, Myers, L. Smyth, V. Smyth, Tittsworth, Wolverton.